



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

EPHEMERIS

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

Above the river in a summer swoon
Hangs the still air, and in the warm embrace
Of afternoon
We too lie dumbly, full of soft delight.
The grass is sweet to smell:
We suck the white
Fresh ends of it, and the green pleasant place
Where we are lapped seems with that faint taste sweeter
Than any poppied isle in remote seas
To some divinely drowsy lotus-eater.
Long, long
We lie, and have no care for any human thing,
Save for the snatch of song
Where, bathing gaily, tawny-bodied boys
Upfing
The water round them; or from a child at play
Floats the shrill ripple of laughter far away.
And then sharp stillness, pointed by the stir
Of little winds among the boughs, wherethrough
The deep sky shines impenetrably blue.
Wrapped in that golden haze we weave at will
The scents and airs of summer's subtle loom;
Regretting but the moments as they pass,
The perished bloom
Of the wan day, that like the wind is gone;
And in the growing hush we watch her die;
And watch, beneath the same impersonal sky,
The wimpled river flowing grayly on.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.